

June 21, 62

[illegible]



Now, as he has had a letter  
every week in the Standard  
(& some more abroad) since H.  
Martineau counselled those  
hearty comrades who could  
not help thinking it a duty  
to put down Garrison to  
work in fields where they  
would not feel under any  
such necessity, - he ought to feel  
like sustaining it. Garrison  
& I laughed a good deal at a  
ridiculous ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> that came to  
mind in course of conversation.  
I comparing myself to the member  
of a strolling show-company that  
plays the pandemon pipes, as  
he carries round the dish to recruit  
the coppers. While the gibes were



lying by, waiting the appropriate  
moment, - one, & another comes  
& jumps upon them, & there they  
are broken to pieces. Now if there  
cannot be another set made nor  
the Honey fund nor the Jackson fund  
applied to the Standard - (which cannot  
be, because neither Honey nor  
Jackson liked the Standard) & if  
as Garrison feels sure, no effort  
we can make can increase the  
circulation, & if as Pillsbury as-  
serts of the N.E. Con. the circulation  
is but 1000, why then we must rely  
pretty much on the general  
agency. & May, with all his  
goodness in many respects, is  
like the Swain Lowell girls, for  
combining & increasing our means.  
He can hinder money from finding  
better than work. "It is not the  
finger's wish that makes the song."



much what about Daniel  
and many a read he made: but  
conjur'g spell to free the imprisoned  
view of all the field of observation  
the impenetrability of working the  
Am. Soc. by reason that its members  
are dead, worn out, or rickety &  
wretchedly to a frightful degree, Garrison  
I clapped our wings that the  
Soc had lasted as long as there was  
any need of it, & we rejoiced to-  
gether over the signs of the times. As  
abolitionists we rejoice - as philanthro-  
pists we were exceeding glad even that  
as Americans Garrison has his doubts  
whether McClellan is rightminded enough  
to be able to see & use the means that  
would alone free him victory. But  
that no matter, we agreed: -

"Our country cannot fail: destruction  
shall work for it, as shall creative power  
This is <sup>in</sup> Mrs Putnam's first book. The  
second seems to me less good - but other  
people no not think so, I find - so maybe I  
am not practical. I am going to Weymouth



Boston. 2 Channing Place Sept 21

1862

\* No - Sarah's letter to Anne

elegant one, with a white Cashmere folding  
 & draping that in combination with her  
 broad low forehead, black hair, & delicate  
 high nose, made her look like a woman  
 of "Marian of Metella's mien": She was  
 never handsome in life, but this was of  
 a splendid beauty: a marble dignity &  
 sweetness. It seemed the triumph of a rea-  
 sonable life demonstrated. There were heaps  
 of white flowers, & wreaths & crosses -  
 but they attracted no attention from the  
 marble-white, purple-shaded body, dis-  
 played, as the fashion now is, to the middle,  
 with dimpled hand on the breast. And she  
 was "Sally<sup>+</sup> Robbins Howe, aged 74 years  
 & six months." I was held as it were, in  
 admiration of so much beauty in death: -  
 & as I looked, somebody came creeping  
 softly on the other side of the darkened room,  
 & held out a hand to me across the body.  
 It was James, - & Mary was just  
 behind him - both steady & still, but  
 feeling a great deal: - sorrow & gladness  
 at her remembrance, & content  
 at her release, - for she had been  
 a great sufferer, though very patient,



having all her faculties perfect to the  
last, & steadying & supporting all  
the family when & wherever they  
needed it. Her death was caused  
by a varicose vein, turning to a  
sanguine. Mrs Lyman, her next  
sister, is in a hospital; - a softening of  
the brain having taken from her all  
sense & memory, - leaving a good deal  
of such a mental strength. Ann Levy,  
absolutely, rears about this: but bless  
her, Mrs Howe was not competent  
to such a case, nor Catherine. They  
would have helped her if they could. The  
companion of the end of these two sisters  
reminds one of <sup>the</sup> remarks of Horace  
on the desirability of death: -

"Pouvon que dans la tombe on sans regret."

"Mon luth et ma raison ne me <sup>juvenile</sup> précédent pas."

I think, for my own part, that  
reason still stands by me: certainly  
my poetry does, - as Lady Byron used



used to say: - "Dear Mrs Chapman - (as  
if her mouth were full of pudding)  
I'm sure ye'll be glad to know - (as  
ye're on the way to the place where  
I have reached,) that my poetry  
stand by me."

Mary Robbins told me of  
Mrs. Howe's last words to her. She was  
entreated by the family not to see  
Mrs. Howe. She is in articulo mortis -  
She will not know you, - She is quite  
unconscious." But you know Mary.  
Her impulsiveness put them all aside  
& she entered the room. "Mary,"  
said Mrs. Howe - "I'm going. - I  
am going where all my faults  
will be reconsidered. Will you open  
that door, & find a package of  
letters? -" Mary did so. "These are  
my letters from Eliza Cabot from  
the time we were girls till the  
death of Dr Follen. Give them  
to Maria Chapman. They  
will be very interesting to her.



Tell her to keep them as long  
as she will, & then give them  
to my family. - So I have them,  
& they are very interesting.

I am not under the  
delusion that all this will be of itself  
interesting to you, but as a part of  
my early life dropping into oblivion  
you may not dislike to live a moment  
to see the shadows pass. I went to  
Mount Auburn with the funeral  
train. It was a very different occa-  
sion from Mrs. Follen's. We passed  
the door of her place of rest, & Mrs  
Howe's is near it. Certainly there  
is something consoling in death. It  
seems the cure of all the ill, & the  
confirmation of all the good of life.  
I rode in the same carriage  
with Mrs Sam. Bradford, Mrs.  
Tees, (formerly a Miss Crowninshield  
(of Miss Cushing's - school memory  
to Caroline,) & Mrs. Washburn, whose  
husband was trained to care by Judge  
Howe. James Freeman Clarke officiated



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And did not seem so unfitted for  
such a service as he usually does, though  
unfit enough at heart, having a  
voice more like a hawk than any  
thing else. But it did not matter.  
The <sup>remembrance</sup> of the visible death, known &  
the <sup>life</sup> of all present, were sufficient to  
make him forgotten, as they were  
to put the white flowers out of  
prominence. I reached town too late  
to go to Weymouth, & went <sup>in the morning</sup> to see  
Mrs Putnam again. found her at  
home. Fable & Bowley. glad to see me.  
Why had I not passed the night there?  
She had heard all sorts of Boston stories  
about Oppenheimer's throwing himself away  
upon a mouthless low-lined scoundrel who  
pretended to be a count - who had refused  
to marry her after all, & she was  
very ill in consequence. I had the  
whole account of the marriage &  
the witnesses & the clergy, & his titles,  
& his mother, a Sobieska; (New Eng-  
land being grossed up in the shadow of  
Warsaw will understand that) which  
I was happy to show her, & left her



Much relieved. For she had felt, when  
I tried to settle her mind about a  
week ago, that there must be some  
thing in a current of scandal that  
ran so strong. Then came Charles  
Lollen, who had heard the same  
story. I read him my cutting  
from the newspaper; he was  
"tickled too deff" too, to see the ugly  
Boston Spirit put down - I asked  
me to let him call with me on  
Mrs. Lucas. Which I promised. It  
seems she had asked him to call.

Went to see Garrison. He told me  
that the friction in the remnant  
of abolitionists <sup>was</sup> something fright-  
ful. That Pillsbury & Powell &  
the Footes had packed the N.E.  
Con. to put him (G.) down  
by resolution in an underhand



way - that Wendell in his kindness & reluctance to give pain, had voted for their resolutions, & that they said he was with them every where, & he of course not knowing what use they made of it, and not contradicting: - while the mere fact of his sitting himself straight at public meetings put him as much at odds with them, as with May & the rest: That May had told him that he, May, could not help get up meetings for Pillsbury & Co any longer, they abused Garrison so, & said every body but themselves, were "raising the banner in the North." That he, Garrison had remonstrated in Hovey Committee till he could do it no longer: That the picture was fearful, & that the bloom of the peach



(or praise, I won't be sure which  
he said) was gone. I comforted  
him by saying that as a fruit,  
we had had it & eaten it & were  
at work in its strength. That all  
was so encouraging as to the  
extinction of slavery, that I  
for one could not mourn or even  
think of the bloom of last year's  
fruit. That I had ~~resolved~~ not  
to accept this year's appointment  
on the Ex. Com. because I did  
not wish to disappoint or lead  
into debt the Society. One, & another  
& another, all with the best  
intentions, had taken a course  
to prevent money from coming  
in, on such pleas as I could offer.  
& common sense taught the value  
& inevitability of a change in the  
Ministry. I told him I was  
nearly at easy, at this time  
of day, to see Pillsbury & Co